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And a deer came down the pathway,  
 Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
 Then upon one knee uprising,  
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow;  
 Scarce a twig moved with his motion,  
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,  
 But the wary reobuck started,  
 Stamped with all his hoofs together,  
 Listened with one foot uplified,  
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow:  
 Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,  
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!"

There is an appositeness in his smiles,  
 too, as of one steeped in the very essence  
 of nature and poetry,

"And the thunder in the mountains,  
 Whose innumerable echoes  
 Flap like eagles in their gyries."

"And the fog lay on the river  
 Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise."

"Where into the empty spaces  
 Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
 Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
 In the melancholy marshes."

"Fiercely the red sun descending  
 Burned his way along the heavens,  
 Set the sky on fire behind him,  
 As war-parties, when retreating,  
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail."

"Many a night shook off the daylight,  
 As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
 From the midnight of its branches."

But we must bring our notice to a close (for we have overstepped the limits we intended), with wishing that our poet may yet give us a truly national poem; for his success in Evangeline, as a delineation of life and manners, leads us to entertain high hopes.

### IRON BUILDINGS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice with interest several new buildings, with iron fronts, in process of construction in our vicinity. In Brooklyn, opposite the City Hall, a large six story block has gone up, as if by magic, within the last few days. It is by far the handsomest building of this material as yet erected. The arches over the windows are supported by fluted columns, which are so arranged as to produce great breadth, as well as richness of effect; one is reminded of some of the grand old palatial structures in Venice. Some of the iron buildings in this city, from carrying mere duplications of the same castings up to the sixth and seventh stories, have produced a very monotonous and insipid effect. Six courses of naked pilasters, or even highly-ornamented composite columns, is an inflection that one does not care to dwell upon.

It would not be hazardous much, perhaps, to predict that our generation will see the day when iron will take the place of all other materials in city architecture. At present it costs more than brick, and less than the finer kinds of stone that are in use. It is, undoubtedly, capable of a great variety of applications. It may be easily moulded into the finest known forms; and when such castings are once completed, they may be multiplied at a constantly decreasing price. When it gets into general use, some design may become so popular, that whole streets will be entirely built of the same pattern. The result would surpass in architectural grandeur anything we now have. The great places of Europe, such as the Louvre, the Tuileries, &c., are but a series of single designs, sketched out sometimes an eighth of a mile,

Each of these designs, standing alone, would be complete in itself. The Louvre, with all its rich array of duplicate carvings and sculpture, could be produced in iron for a comparatively trifling cost.

The efforts of our architects so far, except in the above commended instance, have not been very successful. This no doubt arises in part from the great outlay necessary in getting up the patterns for a single building. So great is this difficulty, and so necessary to the success of the enterprise is an excellence of design that will command a sale, that one may hope for this style of building greater things than has hitherto been known in this country. The greatest care must be taken to get good designs, and when so much is at stake, interested men will be forced into a cultivation of the principles of Art.

We publish above a letter from a correspondent on the subject of iron buildings, in which special praise is awarded to one now being finished in Brooklyn. The communication expresses some opinions which are getting to be popular, and against which we desire to enter our protest. The present manner of using iron for architectural purposes we hold to be wrong, as in opposition to two of the leading principles of the Art. In the first place, the material is thrown into forms which are appropriate only to stone or brick. It is not treated, as iron should be, according to its nature and the laws of its strength. And until it is thus legitimately used, nothing worthy the name of Fine Art will ever be produced with it. Stone, our builders treat with reference to its power of resisting pressure—why, then, should not iron be treated with reference to its peculiar property, that of resisting tension. To ignore this property, and put the material into forms which do not express it, is an utterly inartistic and uninventive proceeding. If it is desirable to develop the use of iron for building purposes, why do not our designers apply to it the same principles and the same careful thought which have been heretofore applied to other materials? Can they not work out the proper and most economical construction for any given purpose, and then ornament that construction? This is surely the only way of getting at an iron style. We are aware that such a style can never have the dignity or power of the Classic or Gothic—and for this reason we believe that stone, brick, and wood, will never be superseded by the new material. But still, dignity and power are not required for all buildings. The lightness and airiness, and perhaps economy, which the use of iron insures, are often more desirable than any artistic effect; and, for these advantages, iron will undoubtedly be much used. But we have yet to see, in our country, any work of high Art in that material.

In the second place, the practice of using cast-iron makes it customary, if not necessary, to repeat the same patterns, whether of construction or ornament, all over the building. In regard to the construction, so that it be good, we do not object to this; but in ornamentation the practice is destructive of all invention, variety, and meaning. It is true that the same thing is done in stone every day; but the custom is none the better for that. It is in fact one of the worst features of our architecture, and one that must be abandoned before there can be any great ad-

vance in the art. Let our readers examine any of the mediæval buildings of Europe, and they will find that, as a rule, there are no two ornaments of the same design in any one of them—certainly, they will never see one design repeated in every part of the building. And it is just this earnest, careful, loving expenditure of thought that gives the Romanesque and Gothic styles their immeasurable superiority over the Roman and later Grecian. Our correspondent, with singular contradiction, first deprecates the "insipid effect" of constant repetition in iron buildings generally, and then advances the ease of duplication as an argument in favor of extending the use of cast-iron! For ourselves, we sincerely hope that we may never see "the Louvre, with all its rich array of duplicate carvings and sculpture," reproduced in iron, at any price.

With regard to the particular building which is so much praised, we should like, if space permitted, to analyze it, and show our readers its numerous defects as a design. But we will content ourselves with expressing our decided opinion that nothing can be more stupid, more painful to the eye, or unsatisfactory to the judgment of those who take the trouble to reason about such things, than the practice of piling up three or four stories of columns and arches on a horizontal cornice, supported only by a few thin piers of cast-iron. Not only here, but in almost every store that is built, the same monstrous arrangement is perpetrated, and we cannot see the shadow of a reason for it. If it is absolutely necessary (which we doubt) to have the whole front from floor to ceiling open for light, we recommend designers to overhaul their books, and see how easily and beautifully the mediæval architects treated this same point.

"Is the beauty of cities no honor to the inhabitants, no excitement to the defence? I doubt not but the beauty of Athens had much effect on the patriotism, and some on the genius of the Athenians. Part of the interest and animation men receive from Homer lies in their conception of the magnificence of Troy. Even the little rock of Ithaca rears up its palaces, sustained by pillars; and pillars are that portion of an edifice on which the attention rests longest and most complacently. For we have no other means of calculating so well the grandeur of edifices, as by the magnitude of the support they need; and it is the only thing about which we measure in every way by our own."—Newton.

ANTIQUITY.—Antiquity is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble; and there is nothing so illustrious as the dedication of the intellect and the affections to the great end of human improvement and happiness; and an end which will be the ultimate test and touchstone of all our institutions, by a reference to which they will be judged, and either perpetuated or swept away.—Westminster Review.

"Painting, by degrees, will perceive her advantages over sculpture; but if there are paces between sculpture and painting, there are parangs between painting and poetry. The difference is, that of a lake confined by mountains, and a river running on through all the varieties of scenery, perpetual and unimpeded. Sculpture and painting are moments of life. Poetry is life itself, and everything around it and above it."—Aspasia to Cleone.